

A

REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, April 15. 1710.

It is natural; when we feel any Capital Mischief approaching us, to look back to the Ground and Reasons, the Causes and Originals from whence they flow; so I cannot but look back, when the present Confusions represent themselves to my View, to some Originals from whence these things began— And in order to make some Gueſſ at it, let me remind you, Gentlemen, that ſome few Months before the preaching of this Fire-brand Sermon at St. Paul's, there was a Paper publish'd here for ſome Time, Entitl'd, *The Rehearsal Revi'd*; and another call'd a Dialogue between *Novel* and *Scandal*; they were written both by the ſame Author, and that Author, as afterward appear'd, was a Non-juror, a deprived Clergyman. Of which by and

In these Papers, two Things were very remarkable.

1. That they frequently made open Threatningſ, of what great Efforts would be made this Parliament, to pull down the Power of the Low Church-men and Difſenters.

2. There was an Advertisement, inviting the Clergy to this High-Church War— It began in these Words— Gentlemen of the Clergy, now is the Time to exert your ſelves, &c.

I think, Gentlemen, now they have exerted themſelves indeed, now the Plot is broke out— And before I examine what this Exerting themſelves means, let me observe one Thing to the Gentlemen on that

that Side— *Intolerably blinded Wretches as they are, not to see it.* Now, not a Jacobite says a Word— Indeed they are brave Fellows, and have out-witted you all ; they have politickly thrown off the Quarrel from themselves — for they really are not concern'd in it, I mean openly, and the War lies fairly upon the High-Church— These are the declar'd Enemies, and these would now be call'd THE CHURCH— The Jacobites are to be prais'd for their Craft ; who indeed can blame them ? I would do just thus, if I were a Jacobite— Now the High Church are the Men, and the Jacobites sit still, and laugh— They have halloo'd them on, and they are fastned up; on one another, like two Mafives, the other haye no Busines but to clap their Hands, and hearten them up— And not a Pen of theirs appears, their Cause lies at bottom, but the other is at top ; and when they have worry'd and weary'd one another, then is the Time for them to fall on.

Since then the War is thus fatally begun, and there is so avoiding a Decision of the Quarrel, let me see, if I can do some little Service in the Beginning, by marshalling the Parties, and see who and who is together ; for really in this appears the first Policy of the High-Church Party, in fighting resly against one Party, and pretending to fight against another.

The great Cry is rais'd against the *Dissenters* ; this was resolv'd upon at first, for they could not raire the Mob without it : *Damn, the Presbyterians* is the Word ; the same Sham began at the First of her Majesty's Reign, down with the Presbyterians was the Cry then, and their Ministers began to be insulted in the Streets— But look you, Gentlemen, the War is not against the *Dissenters*, the *Presbyterian* Quarrel is of another Kind ; and tho' it will follow indeed, and fall in of Course, and all the High Church Mens Toleration-Grievances, their Union-Affiliations, and their Succession-Uneasinesses will at last want to be redres'd ; yet this is not the present Quarrel. The present Distraction lies directly between High Church and Low-Church, and their Auxiliaries on both sides—

And tho' I am no General, if you please, I'll draw the two Armies up in Order of Battle, with their respective Generals and Leaders on both sides ; and I'll begin with the Enemy, for they are the Aggressors.

Their Army of Furies are drawn up in two Lines, with their Reserves.

The first Line is thus form'd ; Sixty Battalions of *High Church Infantry in the Center*, cloath'd al! in Black, commanded by experienc'd Officers of the *High-Flying Clergy*, who are all distinguish'd by this particular Qualification, that they have abjur'd the Side they fight for, and scorn to the Side they fight against.

General Officers here are *Don Henrico Pomporico*, Captain General and Commander in Chief for the Expedition ; an *Italian*, but an experienc'd Soldier, an *Eclesiaflick* by Profession, but bred to Arms, and especially zealous in this *High-Church* Cause ; under him serv'd, *Don Eustacio Vera Crewcio*, General of the Infantry, with five Lieutenant Generals, (*viz.*) the Sieurs *H—ns*, *H—d*, *H—s*, *A—y*, and *B—s*; and and five Major Generals, (*viz.*) Messieurs *W—n*, *B—d*, *Kj—j*, *R—y*, and *M—n*, with Brigadiers, and *Aid de Camps* of the Church, innumerable.

In the Right Wing are plac'd 52 Squadrons of *Cuirassiers*, all arm'd with Cap and Feather, Carrying the *High-Church Standard* with this Device, **NOT GUILTY UPON MY HONOUR**— They were led by that noble and old batter'd Soldier of the *High-Church* Cause, his Highness the Prince of *Buquinquam*, General of the Horse ; these were the Flower of the Army, and that General had under him Lieutenant General *Nothington*, and the famous Lord *ALTALK*, experienc'd Officers—with sundry others, *Qua nunc prescribere longum est.*

In the Left Wing were plac'd the Light Horse and Dragoons, making an equal Number, tho' not in so good Order as the Right, being very well appointed, tho' new rais'd— And led on by an old Plebeian Soldier, lately come over to the *High Church* Party, the famous Captain *TOM*, who (to encourage him) was made a General Officer for the Day, and had the leading of the Dragoons—

Dragoons —— My L—— of the Great Horse, and one Lieutenant General Sacheverell commanded the Light Horse, consisting of 26 Squadrons, three Regiments of which were Female Viragoes; who for meer Zeal to High-Church and Passion for the Doctor, had took Arms, and rid astride for the Cause — The Doctor was also made a General Officer for the Day, but my L—— of the Great Horse deserted, and run away into the City, where he was afterwards sufficiently laught at for a Coward, and worthily coupled with the Hangman for his Mortification, as will appear in the Sequel of the Story.

Captain TOM led the Dragoons —— They carry'd a Water-man's Boat Hook-staff for their Standard, and (your Pardon Esq; Bickerstaff) upon it A Brazen Medal; (Viz.) On one side a Bonfire, and the Rabble buring the Bible, with this Motto, *Damn the Presbyterians* — On the Reverse, a House pulling down, with these Words, *Down with the Bank*.

The second Line (according to the Method of the Antients — such as Hannibal, Julius Casar, &c.) was compos'd wholly of Auxiliaries, Mercenaries, and bir'd Troops; saving that they had some High-Church Commanders, and the Foreigners did not scruple to submit to be commanded by these Gentlemen, because they found them carrying on their Cause more than their own.

Here you have 21 Battalions of Jacobite Infantry in the Center, led on by an old Polish Soldier, whose Name Authors do not agree upon, but he was of the famous Family of the Chit-skys in Poland — and who had testify'd his Zeal for their Cause, by openly washing his Hands of the Revolution. Besides these, there were two Battalions of Rennegadoes or Malecontents lately gone over to the Party, and who now fight most vigorously for that Cause, having more Animosity, and less Honesty, than the original Jacobites — These last being Men of Honour, always owning their Principles, and standing stoutly to their Cause. I forbear to name you the Officers of these, because some of them, as soon

as their Eyes are open, will repent again, and may merit their Pardon.

The Cavalry on the Wings here are compos'd of 60 Squadrons of Horse and Dragoons equally divided; 30 Squadrons on the Right, and 30 on the Left. I shall perhaps give you a more particular Account of their Officers hereafter. The Right consisted of 20 Squadrons of a new Kind of Light Horse call'd BIGOTS, who were rais'd by Way of Crusadoe for this very Expedition, and were call'd the Horse-Guards of the Chevalier de St. George, with ten Squadrons of Ecclesiastick Horse-Granadiers, all Non-jurant Clergy-men — Terrible Troops these were indeed, and led by experienc'd Officers, and particularly the Horse Granadiers, threw a Sort of unusual Fire-works, which put all into Confusion where they fell.

These were led by Lieutenant General Lefsy, and under him there serves for Major Generals of the Church, Spinks, Leech, Dodwell, and Stacy, Men experienc'd both with Tongue and Pen, the Swords of the Cause, and who have been hitherto very successful; their Device was a Cathedral Church — Over it was written — *The new establish'd Church of England* — And under it, *She is Schismatick and Apostate*.

In the Left Wing were plac'd 20 Squadrons of Popish Voluntiers, and 10 Squadrons of Dragoons of St. Germain. These were properly call'd Mercenaries, tho' they serv'd without Pay, because they were brought in by the Procurement of the Party, and from a true Zeal to the Cause — Their Officers were all Strangers, so I need not name them, Men of Fortune that watch'd for the Spoil on either hand, and were sure to be Gainers, whoever lost the Day; their Standard has for its Device, A Young Man crown'd, representing the Pretender — With the Words, *James III. and VIII. and underneath, Popery and Slavery, FURE DIVINO*.

Behind these were drawn up at some Distance in little Corps de Reserve, some chosen Troops of the High Party, who are kept whole for all Occasions — Such as a Body of Foot on the Right, drawn up in one large Front, 134 in Rank; these were call'd

call'd *Tackers*, and are all Men of Fortune, old Soldiers, and tho' hitherto unfortunate, are by their being often defeated grown desperate, and will fight light Furies, in Hopes to come into Play again— And on the Left, a like Body call'd FALSE BRETHREN, Men who swear, and abjure, and call themselves of the Church, but are actually in Arms for Jacobitism, and keep themselves thus on the Reserve for the last Resort of the Party.

This is the Army of the Enemy, by which it is evident, that tho' *High-Church* are call'd the Principals in this War, and have taken the Quarrel upon them— Yet Jacobitism and Popery are in the second Line, and act behind the Currain, supporting and pushing on all the rest—

There is no less Necessity of stating plainly who are the Persons these People make War upon, where tho' the *Dissenters*, under the Name of *Presbyterian*, are the pretended Enemy; yet it will appear, that the *QUEEN*, the *Constitution*, and in general the *Liberty* and *Religion* of this Protestant Nation, are the only Things aim'd at, and which are directly fought against in this Contention—

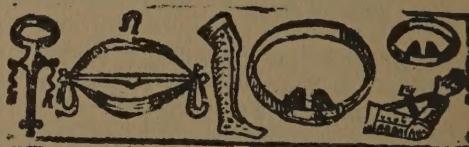
ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHereas great Industry has been us'd to suppress this Paper, by several Members of a Party, to whom it is particularly Grievous to hear too much Truth— By whose Art the Publication of it has so far been stop'd, that none have been to be had, either of the Hawkers, or Shops where other such Papers are sold.

These are to give Notice, That for the future, over and above the usual Number deliver'd by the Publisher,— A certain Number shall be left at Mr. Nathaniel Cliff's, Bookseller in *Cheapside*, near *Mercer's-Chappel*, and at Mrs. Pye at the Sign of the *Golden Perrigree* at *Charing-Cross*; where any Gentlemen may be supply'd either with single Reviews, or whole Volumes, as they please.

Lately Publish'd,

A New Treatise of the Venereal Disease; wherein (other Authors being refuted) its true Cause, Nature, Signs, dangerous Effects, various Ways of Receiving, Symptoms first discovering, and infallible Method of preventing its Infection, together with the best, most cheap, safe, speedy, easie, and private Methods of Cure, are set forth. By what Method and Medicines Persons injur'd by Mercury may be relief'd, is here discover'd; as also the Cause and Cure of old Gleets in Men, and the Whites in Women. bold (Price 1 s. 6 d.) by the Author Dr. SPINKE, at his House, the *Golden Ball* in the Passage between the *Sun* and *Castle* Taverns in *Honey-Lane* Market, *Cheapside*. His Pills are 3 s. the Box, with Directions.



BARTLETT of *Goodman's-Fields*, who has been so successful in the Cure of Ruptures, by Steel Spring Truffles, with Joints or without, so wonderfully light and easie, that one of the largest Size, seldom exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce.

He is to be spoke with, the Forenoons every Day at his House, at the *Golden Ball* by the *Ship Tavern* in *Prestcot-Street* in *Goodmans Fields*, London. And the Afternoons at the *Golden Ball* over against *Cheapside-Conduit*, near *St. Pauls*.

N. B. For Privacy, he will attend any Gentleman at any Place, near the Places and Hours above-mention'd. Those, who live in the Country, may be supply'd by sending Letters.

N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the late Mr. Christopher Bartlett, lives at his House in *Goodman's-Fields*, and is very skilful in the Business to those of her own Sex.